

7. H A N S *Ing. Hen. v. 6. 9.*
BEER-POT
HIS INVISIBLE

C O M E D I E, O F
See me, and See me not.

A C T E D
In the Low Countries, by an honest Company
of Health-Drinkers.

Laubrecht count Belchior

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci.



LONDON,
Imprinted by Bernard Alsop, and are to be solde at
his house by Saint Annes Church neere
Aldersgate, 1618.

H.A.M.S.
BEER POT
HIS INVENTION

A C T E D
In the City of London
By the Common Council



Ordinance of the Common Council



LONDON
Imprinted by Richard Adams, and to be sold
at the Sign of the Ship, in the Strand
Albion, 1612



TO THE HONO.

R A B L E S I R I O H N O G L E

*Knight, Collonell of our English Regiment of
Foot, vnder the Lordes, the Estates generall of
the Vnited Prouinces, and Lord Gouernor
of the Towne and Garrison of Sweidht.*



Ine honoured Lord, I here present vnto
your view, nor Comedie, nor Trage-
die, as wanting first the iust number
of Speakers: Secundarily, those parts
or Acts it should haue, which should
bee at the least fure, but a plaine Dia-
logue or conference between so many
persons, consisting of three Acts, and no more. If there
be any Act in it, to make it sauour in your Lordshippes
pallate, I shall be glad: Wormewood or gall to make
it distastefull, I am sure there is none, if rightly vnder-
stood: for howsoeuer I may by chaunce light vpon a
galled place, my entent is not to rubbe it so hard, to
griue it or make it worse: but rather to wipe it smooth-
ly to clense it, and heale it.

If any man thinkes himselfe touched in any thing

A 3

that

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

that is amisse, let him endeauour by Gods helpe to amend it; and if there be any good counsell in it, tending to reformation of manners, or other aduice, as I dare be bold to say, there eyther is, or should be; let him make vse of that, and follow it.

Moreouer, my very good Lord, as in all actions done, or to be done, after what kind soeuer, there be seuerall reasons, if grounded vpon reason or iudgement: why, or to what end they are, or should be done, so in this committed to your Lordships hands, though soone conceiued, and as soone brought into the world, being not aboue sixeteene dayes labour therein, more aimed at then the verball sence: Which if it please your Lordship, giue me leaue to giue you some instructions, is thus to be taken.

In the person of the old Gentleman is figured forth a man of singular good education, life & conuersation, a man that had seene the World, tasted the sorrowes and troubles of this life with *David*, and towards the end of his dayes had a peacefull possession of an happy estate given him: wherein also is set out the benefit of contentation: A man truly vertuous, frugall, bounteous and liberall, a louer of good company and hospitality, desirous to gaine the good will of his neighbours.

Moreouer, are shewed the wonderfull preservation and blessings that God bestoweth on them that serue him: first, his wife a good wife; then his children, as a principall blessing, next, good children, and his care in their education, besides his temporall blessings.

In the person of his wife is set out a vertuous, chaste and sober Matron, one that was carefull of her charge,
not

The Epistle Dedicatory.

not a gadding houlwife, but such an one as did spende her idle times in reading histories and other good bookes, as is easie to bee perceyued. In them both the happiest vnion, and agreement that should bee in that blessed estate of marriage: and lastly, in them two, the prayse of a country life.

In the person of their son is set out an hopesfull yong Gentleman, whose father had a great care to see him well brought vp according to his estate, and to let him know the world betimes; not to keepe him at home vnder his nose, as many too kind and foolish parentes vle to doe, vntill they haue marde their children, which otherwise might haue beene better. Secondly, in him is shewed how a young man should carry himselfe; first, to serue God, to please his parents, to follow that which is good, to reade good bookes, and to make choise of his company.

In the person of the Merchant, the noblest profession of Trade; from whom diuers Worshipfull houses in *England* haue had their originall, is set out in some part their disposition, who being for the most parte exceeding rich, are also exceeding miserable, till they are disposed to get out & warm their blouds with this element of good liquer, and then as farre exceed in superfluity, as by experience I haue knowne some.

In the Sericant is set out, a well-deseruing souldier, who sticking in the first place of preferment, can get no higher.

In the Sentinell, an honest priuate souldier, one that loues a pottle better then a Wench, and indeed the naturall disposition of all Souldiers, who for the most part

The Epistle Dedicatory.

lead: a merry life, carelesse of any thing, so they may in a reasonable measure be provided for of meate, drinke, and apparrell.

In *Beerepot* is set out an honest seruant, who howsoeuer, he will keepe company, and be merry sometimes, yet nothing can draw him from the performance of his businesse, and the due respect of his seruice, and duty to his master.

In *Flutterkin*, a Marchant of good Beere, a merry companion, one that will giue content to his guests, set out his wares, and helpe to vtter them him selfe, and rather then no body should be drunke, he will make one.

In the *Moore*, a man that had tasted the inconstancy of Fortune, one that bare his crosses brauely and stoutly, and in despite of Fortune, would bee merrie, and sing while others wept.

And for the names which are significant, if you take them according to their Dialect, as lesse materiall, I leaue your Lordship, at your leasure to guesse at: and commending my selfe, and those my poore endeouours vnto your Lordships Honourable patronage. I rest:
Wrieche from my lodging the 14. of Nouember, 1617.

Yours in all humble service,

so be commended,

Dabridgecourt Belchier.



The Prologue.

EXpect not here a stately Tragedie,
Nor Comedie set out, with gracefull shewes,
Of diuers kinds, to please mens greedy eyes:
Yet what we haue, we giue, accept it then
With patience, kindnesse, and with thankfulnessse.
The Authour's no Mechanique, writes not for gaine;
Nor with this dish, thinkes to fill all your tastes,
Onely, for the learned, and iudicious sort;
Yet would please all, and no man here offende.
Here is no gall, nor any bitter stuffe
To quippe mens vices in particular,
Such snarling trickes, are free from him and his:
Then wrest not sense, to what was neuer meant;
If ought be wanting, it is want of skill,
Not want of willing minds to giue content
To high and lowe, to all of each degree;
Then giue me leaue, kind friends, to begge this boone,
That youle be silent, if we doe amisse;
And if ought please you, though we dare not craue
An open plaudit, in our eares to ring:
Yet doe vs right, commend it afterwards;
And though some few of vs, doe take this paines,
Yet one mans head did onely ake for this:
He makes me speake for him, and he for vs;
And altogether ioyne in this request,
That you will heare and see, and say the best.



See mee, and see mee not.

O R

A Dialogue betweene these persons
following.

Cornelius Harmants, a rich Country Gentleman,

Hanneke, his wife, a graue matron.

Hans Beerepot their man.

Tounger Harmants their Sonne.

Iaques Garland, a rich Marchant which married his sister.

Serieant Goodfellow an old Souldier.

Pasquill Beeremond a Sentinell.

Ioske Flutterkin a Tapper.

Abnidaraes Quixot, a Tawnie Moore.



See mee, and see mee not.

*Enter Hans Beerepotte singing a verse or two of a
Song, &c.*

Younger, I come, your Father sends me forth,
To sell his corne, and bring him money in,
Each day he walkes, and pryces, and lookes about
With watchfull eyes, and euer in mistrust,
Least that my Dame, or I his trusty man,
Should nimme from him, or put vp more then right;
I by my Dame am watcht, and shee by him,
And twixt them both in equall ballance hangs
Poore *Hans* their man, their wakefull *Argos* eyes,
Doe seldome winke, yet must I haue a trick
To make large measure, fill the bushell full,
And iogge it soft vnseene, while they looke on,
And still cry out for more, the measures scant;
And then the ouerplus.

Cornelius within.

What *Hans*, Come heere.

Hans. My Master calles, and I must needs be gone. *Exit.*

Enter Hanneke sola.

Han. As God doth bleſſe the earth with great encrease,
And in great measure sends vs ten for one:
So must those blessings carefully be kept,
And not with wretchlesse heed, let runne at large,
For so huge heapes of wealth consume to nought,
And like fayre buildings vnrepayrde, decay.

See mee, and see me not.

Yet must not beastly miching niggardize,
Cause vs forget our selues, and those that want,
But giue releefe from our abundant store:
We haue enough, our charge it is not great,
One daughter shee's bestowed richly, and
Her portion payde, no penny more in debt,
Two sonnes besides, and they provided for;
The yongst at Schoole, the other trayles a Pyke,
And for preferment lookes each day, each houre:
What friendship sayles, his fathers purse supplies;
He doth not want, nor shall, nor haue too much
To please the fancies of vnbrideled youth:
Mine husband bids him vse his meanes, no doyt
That he will send him, but alas poore I,
Must licke my cream-pots, shake my winnow sheet
And all for coyne, and often send him some.
Mine husband sees and knowes, yet nothing sayes,
But is content with what he thinks I doe;
My man playes fast and loose, I see it too,
And nothing say, for why, the knaue is true,
And wrongs vs not one crosse, but what he gets
Is for my sonnes, not for himselfe, I am sure.
I see, but see not, giue him oft a shilling,
Because to doe for mine, he is so willing.
What *Hans*?

Enter Hans.

Your seruant at commaund,
To runne, to ride, to goe by day or night.

Han. How now sir sauce, your tong so early glyb;
What though the dayes be short, theres time enough
Ere night to make your pate ring noone.

Hans. Indeed,
Madame, you neuer saw me drunke as yet,
So much as to forget that due respect

Iowe

See mee, and see mee not.

I owe your seruice.

Han. Well sir, then be gone,
Make haste, dispatch, and get you to the towne;
Looke to your businesse, what you buy and sell;
But ere you goe, take that and giue my sonne.

Han. The heauens blesse you mistresse, that fayre hand,
Once more for the Sericant.

Hann. Away you Knaue,
Take that Dutch shilling, drinke mongst your Comrades.

Exit,

Hans. Shees gone, the best that euer trode on shooe:
I would not chaunge my life to be Lord Mayor
Of that fayre towne of *London*: my seruice
Is a Freedome, labour but a pleasure,
I want not what I aske, but halfe a word,
Tis done; she knew my mind, I would I haue sayd,
That with the Sericant I must cracke a pot,
But ere I could bringt out, she stopt my mouth
With Knaue and shilling too: well let her doot
As often as shee will, See who gets most
Of shee or I.

He sings.

*As I went to Walsingham,
To that holy Land,
Met I with an olde balde Mare,
By the way as I came.*

Indeed you doe full little thinke, how I
Am taken vp mongst Souldiers in the towne;
Hans Beere pot is a man of note, well knowne
To all vnder the degree of Officers.
But Sericant *Gooatellow*, I loue him best;
And why? because he loues my masters sonne
My Master loues him too, for his honesty
And neuer sees him, but he giues him gold;
And sends him much prouision for his house;
Heele drinke his cuppe, I weares not & hates a whore,
Which if he vnde, I am sure my master

See mee, and see mee not.

Brookes not the company of any such
To haunt his sonne : but with an angry frowne,
Would looke vpon him : for he and *Beeremonde*
Are the onely lads of all the Garrison;
I come my laddes, my markets once ore-past,
At *Flutterkins* weele haue one brideling cast.

Exit.

Enter Cornelius with his wife.

Come wife, helpe me on with my bande : indeede
This fayre morning inuites me take the paines
To walke on foot, and see the towne, visite
My friends, & children, drinke some Spanish wine:
And why, that wine ? I am not yet growne olde,
I can bestride, a bouncing Gennet still,
And with mine arme to frush a sturdie launce.

Hann. Talke you no more of martiall exercise,
Good Sir, but take you to your Country Farme,
Keepe you at home, leaue that to younger blouds,
Your sonne is young enough, let him goe forth,
And proue his fortune mongst those armed troupes,
I am contented, God his will be done.

Corn. I thinke deere wife thou speakst more then
thou thinkst.

Thou wouldst be loath to aduenture him so much.

Hann. Not I sweet Sir, for God is God at sea,
And land, a God alwayes omnipotent;
He can defend him from the gaping iawes
Of roaring Canons mouth, that dreadfull flash
Cannot come neere him, if it be his will;
Yet if he die, tis honours lofty bedde
That shall entombe him, then I care the lesse.

Cor. Well spoke, braue Lasse, I thinke faire *Pallas* shine,
Begirt thy temples with her glorious rayes,
At thy dayes birth, the wonder of thy sexe.

Hann. How now my Loue, what do you Court mee still?
This

See mee, and see me not.

This Phraſe befits not, twixt a man and wife,

Tis time for you to leaue ſuch courting tearmes,

Cor. What courting callſt thou them, thou rubſt me vp,

To thinke vpon the times forepaſt, I ſaw

In *Englands* Court ſo famous and renownde

Of great *Eliz.æs* bleſſed memory.

That ayded ſo theſe troubled Netherlands

With men and money; ſtill oh, oh ſtill me thinks

I ſee thoſe Worthies marching on earthes ſtage;

The famous *Esſex*, *Norreis*, *Sidney* too,

And wiſeſt *Vere*, that held *Oſtend* ſo long,

Gainſt hells foule mouth, and Spaniſh tyranny,

As yet his complices can teſtifie.

That ſaw his works beyond the bounds of witte,

That now doe liue in noble fame and name;

Whom Ile ore-paſſe, for feare I ſhould offend.

Hann. Offend not then (my Spouſe) I counſell you,

But leaue the mighty to their beſt contents,

And paſſe in ſilence, what they haue to doe;

Let vs not meddle with the Magiſtrate,

But ſee, vnſcene, and hope for whats the beſt.

Cor. What hath *Apollos* ſacred Oracle

Infuſe thy Soule with high Diuinity,

Or deeper iudgements, of I know not what,

Made thee know more then thy fraile ſexe ſhould do

I wonder: lets along, wee to the towne,

Where I not doubt but I ſhall find your ſonne

A drinking, not at's booke.

Hann. What if you doe?

The elder Prieſt forgets that he was Clerke,

When you were young, you did as he now does.

Cor. Tis true indeed, but yet Ile tell thee what,

Twas ſtrange to ſee a younker once but drunke

In *Englands* Kingdome, when I liued there,

For to be drunke, was beggarlike they ſayde,

Now Beggars ſay they are drunke like Gentlemen,

See mee, and see mee not.

As since I haue heard an old fantastique rime,
That thus imports if I be not deceiude.

*Gentlemen are sicke, and Parsons ill at ease,
But Seruingmen are drunke*

Han. God blesse my
As to delight in drinke, a
Yet with a friend, to drin
Ile not finde fault, the tin

Cor. Well wife, giue b
Han. What then? his n
Composde him otherw
To giue him learning, v
The good from euill: b
May be corrupted by b
But that he seekes not, le
As in him lyes, I heard t
Else would I not.

Cor. My deare, wha
Or not doe, Womens v
Is strange sometimes, w

Hann. I will not tell you.

Cor. Why?

Hann. Because I will not.

Cor. A reason reasonlesse, Women;
Haue oft such reason, for their wilfulnesse,
When as they ouerthwart their too kind husbands
In things not meere indifferent, else

Hann. What else?

Sometimes we know more then our husbands think,
And giue aduise worthy to be followde,
Not to be scorned, or to be contemnde
In weighty matters, matters of estate,
As modest *Agrippina*, wife to great
Germanicus; and *Neroes* mother too,

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See mee, and see mee not.

Another *Agrippina*, lesse vertuous,
But wise and politicke, one that knew much,
And that great Queene, the Queene of *Caria*,
Nausolus wife, the wonder of her time.
And she whom former times nere paraleld,
She whom you name but now

aded and
in parts.

ll women proud;

the towne;

eele be at home,

band be,

sicke.

thinner linde,

ese planks,

le Beere;

steele Pigges,

e, Feather-beds,

d a halfe,

my money's spent;
Pay dayes to morrow : tut, hangt, to day, Ile shifte,
But yet were younker *Harmants* here; one can,
My mornings draught were good, or if to day
Hans' Beere-pot come to towne : Oh furious *Mars*,
Hees come, his Waggon's yonder, now cock-sure,
For this whole day I am provided for.

*Enter the Marchant, Master Garland, and clappe
him on the shoulder.*

Good morrow *Pasquill*, where's my brother, where's
That Younker? and the Sericant *Goodfellow*.

Pas. You are welcome sir, what *M. Garland*?

See mee, and see mee not.

As since I haue heard an old fantastique rime,
That thus imports if I be not deceiude.

*Gentlemen are sicke, and Parsons ill at ease,
But Seruingmen are drunke, and all haue one disease.*

Han. God bleſſe my ſon from ſuch baſe foolerie,
As to delight in drinke, a beaſtly ſinne,
Yet with a friend, to drinke a cuppe or more,
Ile not finde fault, the times are now growne ſuch.

Cor. Well wife, giue but an inch, hee takes an elne.

Han. What then? his nature, education,
Compoſde him otherwiſe, you did your part
To giue him learning, which will make him know
The good from euill: but his blooming youth
May be corrupted by bad company;
But that he ſeekes not, loues not, flies as much
As in him lyes, I heard't with comfort too,
Elſe would I not.

Cor. My deare, what would you doe,
Or not doe, Womens witleſſe wilfull will,
Is ſtrange ſometimes, with reaſon limitleſſe.

Hann. I will not tell you.

Cor. Why?

Hann. Becauſe I will not.

Cor. A reaſon reaſonleſſe, Women,
Haue oft ſuch reaſon, for their wilfulneſſe,
When as they ouerthwart their too kind husbands
In things not meere indifferent, elſe

Hann. What elſe?

Sometimes we know more then our husbands think,
And giue aduiſe worthy to be followde,
Not to be ſcorned, or to be contemnde
In weighty matters, matters of eſtate,
As modeſt *Agrippina*, wife to great
Germanicus, and *Neroes* mother too,

See mee, and see mee not.

Another *Agrippina*, lesse vertuous,
But wise and politicke, one that knew much,
And that great Queene, the Queene of *Caria*,
Nausolus wife, the wonder of her time.
And she whom former times nere paraleld,
She whom you namde but now.

Cor. O stay, my wife,
Your mouth runs ore, she makes all women proud;
Are you so read in *Romane Histories*?
And I not know it: Welcome to the towne;
Weele to your daughter straight, sheele be at home,
I hope, where ere her thriving husband be.

Exeunt.

Musicks.

Enter Pasquill.

My backe thin cloathde, my belly thinner linde,
Keepes out no colde, I like not I these planks,
But when my belly is full of double Beere;
Oh then I sleepe like to mine *Hostesse Pigges*,
And feele no colde, nor hardnesse; Feather-beds,
Stand further off, three stivers and a halfe,
The canne of *English Beere*: my money's spent;
Pay dayes to morrow: tut, hangt, to day, Ile shifte,
But yet were younker *Harmants* here; one can,
My mornings draught were good; or if to day
Hans Beere-pot come to towne: Oh furious *Mars*,
Hees come, his Waggon yonder, now cock-sure,
For this whole day I am provided for.

*Enter the Marchant, Master Garland, and clappe
him on the shoulder.*

Good morrow *Pasquill*, where's my brother, where's
That Younker? and the *Sericant Goodfellow*.

Pas. You are welcome sir, what *M. Garland*?

See mee, and see me not.

I'ft you, you know my mind; one tooth is drie,
Since yelternight I haue not had one drinke;
I am fo colde.

Gar. Why doft not answer me?

Paf. What did you fay? fure I remember not;
My wits want freshing.

Gar. I will thrash them freight
With good ftrong Beere, one cup will do no harm.

Paf. Will driue cold out, and keep my belly warm.

Gar. What riming fo earely, and thine eyes not
Wafhed yet: but where is Younger *Harmants*?
Where's his Companion, Sericant *Goodfellow*?

Paf. Fast a fleepe, his troubled head is fo vext
With this worlds cares.

Gar. What both.

Pafq. The Sericant, him
I onely meane, lyes fleeping yet within;
Ile call him to yon, if you will goe drinke.

Gar. Not elfe.

Paf. Yes that I will, and more then that;
Ile doe for you, or for your Brothers fake;
I like burning Drakes ile fplit the empty ayre,
And run through thicke or thin, at noon or night:
If you commaund, poore *Pafquill* will obey.

Gar. Where didft thou learn fuch high ftile complements?

Paf. Out from the fmoaking of my *Mufquets* mouth
Fetcht from the fragments of fome *Poetrie*:
My nimble *Mufe* comes from the *Aquilone*,
And flaps her wings gainft *Aufers* frothy beard;
While *Eurus* blafts doe pinch my tender fides.
And gentle *Zephir*, glads the *Seamans* heart;
Driuing his fhippe, crosse *Neptunes* foaming front.

Gar. How now turnde Poet, or turnde Coniurer;
Stares not mine hayre: fhall I be fcarred hence:
Ile make a circle leaft *Hobgoblin* come,

Paf. You are difpofde to ielt *M. Garland*.

I haue

See mee, and see me not.

I haue many such conceites without booke.

Gar. Of thine owne making sure, they doe so well
Concurre in sweetest Diapason.

Pasq. Die a pace on sir: whats that?
That's quite past

The reach or Center of my shallow braine:
But since with termes you thinke to put me down:
Once more haue at you, ile not yeeld it so.

*Then did he make Heauens vault to rebound,
With rounce, rebble hobble,
With rifferaffe, roaring, thwick, thwack,
Thurlerie bouncing.*

Ga. O Heauens! why made you night to couer sin?
Had it been day, such things had neuer beene.

Pas. Once more with patience, silence, & be still:
You shall haue Rhetoricke gainst your will.

*Mount thee my Phlegon Muse, and testifie
How Saturne sitting on an Ebon clond;
Disroabde his Podex, white as lworie,
And through the Wolkin thundered all aloud.*

Gar. Reade thou my riddle, & take thou my fiddle.
I met a man that wept and wailde,
I greeu'd to see him how he ayld;
He fared strangely, in such taking;
He said he was not of Gods making.

Pasq. The Cuckow sings not worth a groat,
Because she neuer changeth note:
The man you speake of young or olde,
Indeed he is a plaine Cucquolde.

Gar. O brains of a Burbate, wooll of an Owle:
Where hadst thou so much wit? now tell me thine.

Pas. My Grandame taught me, & I learnt by heart

See mee, and see mee not.

This riddle of *Saturnes* far-fetcht sigh,
But here me Sir, you know that honest man
M. Flutterkin our Iouiall Hoast.

Gar. Goe seeke my brother out, and then I will,
Shew thee the way, and giue thee thy desire.

Pa/q. I must not stirre without my Corporall
Giues his consent, I must not so offend
For feare the varuels catch me by the feet.

Gar. Goe to the Serieant, I dare warrant thee,
And tell him that I stay to speake with him.

Pa. Swifter then thought, your errand shal be done.

Exit.

*Enter Serieant Good-fellow, and Pasquill,
walking by the Guard dore.*

Serieant Goodfellow.

Good morrow *M. Garland*, what abroad
So earely, can you leaue so sweet a Froe;
By gillse I sweare, were I so fayrely wedde,
This houre yet would I haue kept my bed.

Ga. Good morrow Serieant, dreaming, yet not wakt
You are mistaken man, you see not well,
Such ware's not daintie, though you thinke it decre,
Where is enough, and market all the yeere.

Ser. I am glad to see you in so pleasant vaine;
I hope we shall haue a merry day on't.

Gar. Deed, *Pasquill* and I haue beene riming.

Ser. What?

That pretty Stripling, that mad Pastie-crust,
He rimeth best with Iugge or Pewter-can,
And oft doth quarrell with our honest Hoast
For spiced Ale, that hisseth with a toste:
But let these matters passe, I letell you newes;
Last night your brother and I fell flat out
About an Argument we stifly helde.

Which

See mee, and see me not.

Which seruice was best on horsebacke, or on foot:
But what say you?

Gar. For Horsemen tooth and nayle.

Ser. He calde me asse, but since one predicament
Containes vs both, I care not He not yeeld;
You know hee's learned, had I but so much,
Ide make him fret, and stampe, and scratch his head;
Doe you but second me, ile vex him yet.

Pas. While you do talke, then I am sure of drinke.

Gar. I let *Pasquill* seeke him.

Ser. Sirra, make haste, runne;
My Captaine calde him, when I went to sleepe.

Pas. I goe, I runne, I haste, I skippe, I flye;
With nimbler heeles then ere did *Mercurie*.

Ser. *Ah poti mala sitis*, how fast he
Runnes for the liquours sake; now thinks he,
To stuffe his guts with Hufflecappe English Beere;
But heare me Sir, lets walke in the Church-yard
Vntill he comes againe; for I must thinke
My selfe of *pro* and *con*, whats to be done
Against this lusty Younker; Oh hee's heere.

Enter Younker Harmanus.

Good morrow brother *Garland*, why did you
Send *Pasquill* for me posting in such haste;
What is my Sister sicke, or your young sonne,
Or some misfortune happened, that I know
Not of as yet, vnto your house or goods,
Or shippes at Sea: Speake, I am in suspence.
What? doe you foole me, flout me to my face;
Is that for my good will? why then farewell.

Gar. Be not so angry brother, I protest,
I laugh not at you; but at *Pasquill*, what
Sayde he to you, what message did he bring?

See mee, and see mee not.

Youn. The foole comes gaping, sets vp such a throat,
Staring so madly, as if foule *Cerberus*
From pitchy *Acheron*, were come to affright
Poore men on earth: or else some accident
Of wonder strange, worse then a blazing starre,
Had made men gaze, I know not what to thinke:
You sent him for me, and I must come streight:
I must not stay; my Captaine askt him, what
The matter was: if the towne were on fire:
There's fire in the towne, quoth he, quite out
Of breath and wit, forgets to moue his cappe,
Cryes out on's throat, that it was almost burnt
With soote and smoake, and dust I know not what:
My Captaine gaue him twelue pence, bad him goe
And wash his face, he lookt so reechilie,
Like Bacon hanging on the Chimnies rooffe;
Faring so ghastly, that we both did thinke,
Him worle then mad.

Gar. But whether is he gone?

Youn. Ile tell you, as we crost the market place,
He spies my Fathers man, and then from me,
He flings as fast, as erst did *Hercules*,
Send that his faste fl shaf. s to *Nessus* side;
When he from him stole *Deianira* fayre,
For whom he lost his life: I saw my youth,
And lookt behind, to see what they would doe;
In at next Tap-house, round as Iuglers boxe,
Went they two first, and then two Souldiers more.

Gr. Why then your Captains piece is half consumed
By this; if he haue got such company.

Youn. T will not be long, I am sure, befort be drownde,
Foure men foure Cans, whats that, but foure faire draughts.

Ser. Yea for a Brewers horse, not for his man:
Oh my rumbling guts doe ake to thinke ont;
A Canne a draught, I neuer sawe but once,

And

See me e, and see mee not.

And then I thought that man had burst his guts;
His eye-balls started, as the strings were crackt;
And though sometimes I loue to drinke my pot,
Strong drinke should neuer more goe down with me,
Before i'de swill so much at such huge draughts;
One ciuill glasse or two, that warms my blood,
It is enough, me thinkes.

Younk. Why? now I know,
Thou art not tong-tyde Sericant, els I thought
It had been pawnd ith Lumbard for two doytes:
Ile buy a Calues tongue for foure, thats good meate
For them that loue it.

Ser. Why? theres none but Calues
Refuse good meat, or offered curtesies,

Yon. Why? how now Sericant, do you cal me calfe?

Ser. No sir, not I, but by chance speake of them,
As by the way you light vpon their tongues.

Gar. So now the game begins: flie to him, giue
Him not one ynche, let him weare gold that winnes
It first: shrinke backe, I will neuer owne thee
For a Sericant.

Ser. Now we are two to one,
I care not.

Younk. What sayst, thou speakst Ebrew, Greeke,
Or English, Welsh, I know not what thou meanst.

Ser. *Sans vostre grace, vous estes bien venuz.*

Youn. Hangs the French *Ideon* at thy tongs end too
Speake two words more, ile make thee *Port-enseigne*
Si ce iamais aduient, en ma puissance.

Ser. Perform your words, and then I sweare, I wil.

Younk. I will.

Ser. Sweare first, ile not belecue you else.

Younk. Without an oath I will.

Ser. Why, heare you then;

Admiranda canunt, sed non credenda Poeta.

Younk. Thats Latine Sericant, wiseman, thats not French.

Ser

See mee, and see mee not.

Ser. You namde no language, bid me speake two wordes,
And you would doo't, ile be iudgde by all
Here present, if the wager be not wonne.
Ile get a staffe, the colours they are mine.

Gar. Tis well sayde Serieant, I am on thy side,
Ile beare thee witnesse they are thine by right.

Youn. Though I meant French, yet will I yeeld, I lost;
Take thou the colours, I bestow them free,
In my conceit, as ere did Emperour,

Ser. I thanke your greatnesse in conceit,
I doe enioy them, and I rest content.

Gar. A good conceit, for now me thinks I see,
The Serieant Enseigne, onely in conceit
Stept vp in place, and office of commaund;
I see, but see not, what I hope to see;
That once performde which now is but conceit.

Ser. I thanke you *M. Garland*, your good word,
Is euer prest to doe an honest man good,
For my preferment thinke you would disburse
A score of pounds; or so, wert come to that,
Rather then I should sayle.

Gar. Sure that I would;
Thou shouldst not want to furnish thy conceites;
If I haue golde and siluer at commaund,
Tis ready: Serieant I would doe thee good;
Get thou a place, trie thy friends, thou shalt see
What I will doe.

Ser. I thanke God and friends, tis done;
I haue bethought me, you shall see ere long
A Metamorphosis of me reformde.

Younk. Transformde, thou wouldst say.

Ser. Call you it transformde;
Transformde, reformde, or call it how you will;
I doe remember what I learn't at Schoole
In *Ouid*: Oh these verses made me whipte;

In uena fert animus, mutatas dicere formas

Corpora

See mee, and see me not.

*Corpora Diu capitis, nam vos mutastis & illas,
Aspirate meis.*

Gar. Let thee alone Serieant, thou wilt be like
To *Pasquill*, wilde as a Bucke, or *Liueret*
Bred in March: this orbe it not contains thee
When thy braines flow with skilfull Poesie;
Hast thou forgot what we came hither for.

Youn. I like thee Serieant, when thou bringst out paires
Of Verses; one and singles alone is not
So good; as when by two and two in ranks,
They march in order: then they please mine eares.

Se. You want a fellow to my tother verse,
Doe you not.

Youn. Yes marry doe I, make but one
To wipe my mouth, like to the first, I sweare,
Ile giue thee a payre of good stagges leather gloues.

Ser. A match tis done, ile fit you presently;
M. Garland will you see it performde?

Gar. Vpon mine honest word, I will.

Ser. Why then,
I haue it by this time: since your mouth is cleane;
My noble Younker, wipe your nose with this;
Sic faciunt stulti, quos gloria vexat inanis.

Youn. You haue hit me home with your *Rhinoceros*
Did neere make that, that famous learned Knight,
Sir *Philip Sidney*, Scholers, souldiers pride
Was his, not yours.

Ser. What, though he made that verse,
Those words were made before, he made them not;
Twas well I hapt on his inuentions.

Youn. Good wits doe iumpe, good witty, witles sir:
You hatch those egges that other birds haue layde:
I bid you make me one, by your owne wit.

Ser. Why so I did, that which sir *Philip* made,
Is now grown olde, and like my Fathers gowne,
Spunne, weaude, and made, boue fourescore yeares agoe;

See mee, and see me not.

But this I made is new : as fresh as May
Or flowres in Iune, or egges, but this day sprung,
A plaine case Younker : fir the gloues are mine
Vpon your honest word : forestoe you dat,
A marchants word, no price set downe, ile haue
Them richly made, with golde and silken fringe.

Younk. I think the Sericant is grown *Monnebancke*
To cling by shifts, hey passe, passe,
Italian grown; a sharking *Charlatan*.

Ser. Italian, Spanish, English, Dutch, or French;
Sharke what you will, you shall not sharke me out
Of my stagges leather gloues with *Charlatan* :
Your Glouer knowes my hand *M. Garland*,
To morrow morning carely, *Charlatan*
Goes for his gloues, looke to the payment fir,
Your honest words at stake; tis good I know,
You'l keepe it sure, a marchant breake his word,
His credits gone, no not for twice so much.

Gar. Go fetch thy gloues, ile see the Glouer payde :
Brother, tis lost, you shall pay me againe.

Younk. Vpon condition I will be content,
So he will make me but one true French verse.

Ser. I will and if I can.

Gar. Yea, thats well sayd;
That can was well.

Ser. I can and will; not for nought;
My learning cost me something; and my wit
Workes quicke and nimble, if ought be to be got,
The Romane Consuls after victories,
Did crowne with Bayes triumphant *Conquerours*.
Set but a prize, *auferre gloriam*
Infuseth spirit to a working braine,

Gar. It shall be done, what ist?

Ser. Why what you will.

Gar. A payre of Garters.

Ser. Garters; yea content.

I want

• See mee, and see me not.

I want a payre; What gloues and garters too,
I rose on the right side to day I am sure.

Yo. What time, a bargain wisely made's halfe won.

Ser. Ere you can go to *Flutterkins* mine Hoast,
And come againe, or else ile leese two faunes,
Or Beere, or Claret wine, or Spanish wine.

Youn. Beere, what Beere, Scar-Beere?

Ser. No of English Beere.

Youn. Ile not goe thither, I was there too late,
Ere I can tell threescore distinctly : say
A match; Ile tell them plainly, one by one.

Ser. Agreed, begin.

Youn. Ile tell then, shall I?

Ser. Yes.

Youn. One, two, three, foure.

Ser. *Ie suis.*

Youn. Seuen, eight.

Nine, ten, eleuen, twelue, thirteen, foureteen, fifteene.

Ser. Soft, you are too hasty for a parish Priest,
I am sure of your good word; five and sixe
Are lost, are they nothing : tell rightly, tell on,
And do your worst : some honest French man lend
Me but one handsome word or two.

Younk. Thirty.

Ser. I.

Gods me, halfe out, but two words yet, *Vostre.*

Gar. Thou make a verse, then ile bake in a well.

Ser. There's one word more, *humble*, nay *tres humble*

Younk. Fifty.

Ser. *Serviteur*, life of my life, tis out :
Be it what it will, stand on thine euen feet;
Then gloues and garters both are quickly wonne.

Youn. Brother, you haue lost.

Ser. Then know I who must winne.

Gar. Ile not beleeeue you, I will haue it scande,

See mee, and see mee not.

Let them that know speake true: is it good French.

Youn. *Je suis vostre tres humble seruiteur.*

The verse is true, consilting offiue feet;

The case is plaine in common lawe: no booke

Can saue you: Sericant thou hast won; the garters

They are thine.

Ser. *Younker,* tis well; and your gloues too;

Both gloues and garters, they are fayrely wonne;

Scratch not your head, its but a *Iacobin*

At most; Come let vs in to *Flutterkins*,

A cuppe and toste will doe me now no hurt.

Younk. Why then farewell, I care not I for Beere,

My Captaine gaue me some Canarie wine:

The Churle he shall not ride the Gentleman.

Ser. You shall not flinch, if that your cap be wool,

You shall along; What, would you leaue vs so;

Turne Micher, that were not tollerable.

Younk. I will goe with thee, doe but promise mee,

Rightly to construe those lines of *Ouids*,

Which thou readst but now.

Ser. I will, then let vs hence;

I thanke great *Ioue* that blest me so this day;

How others speed, I beare the prize away.

Exeunt.

Enter Hans and Pasquill.

Pas. This way he went, and here they were ere while;

But now they are fledde like birds that cut the ayre,

With clipping wings, and leaue no trace behind.

But *Hans* my nose is quicke and sharpe of sent,

Like those great Beares in *noua Zembla* found,

Whose smelling sence was better then their sight.

I cannot see, but smell where they are gone.

Hans. Whether dost thou thinke? streight to *Flutterkins*,

My

See mee, and see mee not.

My iouiall Hoast that longs to see my face,
My beauteous face, my proper phynomie;
I soone despatcht, solde all my corne at once,
And bought my meate.

Pasq. As streight as *Circes* vvande,
Not looking backe, as oft *Meander* doth,

Hans. What of *Meander*? now my things be done,
I care not, ile goe where thou wilt; lets on;
But whats *Meander*? man, or mayde, or wife.

Pasq. A riuer foole, didst neuer see a play,
Or heare these verses which I haue by heart.
Whats he that talketh of the bankes of *Poe*,
And of the milk-white swans that in *Meander* swam.
Ile downe from hence and scoure the *Strygian* lake:
To raise a fiend shall make his soule to quake.

Hans. O terrible, my Mistrisse sent you that,
And bid you drinke it, not to hoorde it vp.

Pasq. An English shilling: hey; did she indeed?

Hans. Why Widgin, thinkst thou I would giue thee't else?

Pasq. Ile drinke her health vpon my bended knees,
Vntill the Welkin roare, and ground lookes blew;
Two shillings haue I, not one penny spent;
I bleise my starres, good fortune set me free;
This dayes mine owne.

He skippes, or capers.

Hans. Take heed, your supple ioynts
Are tender, Bones are soone thrust out: a vvrinch
Comes quickly.

Pasq. I am free from poxe, good face.

Hans. If they be free from thee, it skills the lesse:
Doe you remember, how you scrude me once,
When to the Leaguer I was sent from home
With some prouision to my masters sonne;
You brought me to a vvhore, a Leaguer vvhore;
Such stuffe blinde *Palspheme* would loath to touch:
An wholesome piece, I neere loude Mutton since.

See mee, and see mee not.

Neere blush for shame.

Pasq. T was for thine honesty;
Now its on record, tis prooud, tis past the tutch.

Hans. Can you accuse me? no, and speake but true.

Pasq. I saw no hurt, ile sayt, and sweare it too:
But good cause why; thou couldst nor go, nor stand
Thou wert so drunke: vnfit for *Venus* game,
A cart became thee better then a Coach.

Hans. Why thou telst all, thou mightst haue hid some part,
And no I haue shamde me so fore company,
But ile requite you, if I liue ten dayes.

It was no maruell, I will tell thee rest.
As through the campe I past in strange amaze,
Driuing mine Asse before me with his load;
I thought to be deuoured Asse and all
By hungry souldiers, they did looke so thinne:
My heeles they were flung vp, and headlong I,
Fell on a Sutlers hut a fortnights space,
I had no legs, nor could I quit that place.

Pasq. What wert thou shot?

Hans. And lamde: you know too well,
The grieuous moane our *Alips* made for me,
Alasse, poore gyrl, she thought I had been slaine,
But had the Bullet hit me, as the winde,
Poor *Beere-pot* had been squasht, these hansom lims
Had flowne in pieces, nor splinter left vnbroke.

Pasq. That had been pittie, which way went the shot

Hans. To *Callais* as I thinke, or further off,
I scapt I am sure, that dreadfull malling knocke.

Pasq. O hold my head my thumbe begins to ake,
From hence to *France* if this be not a lye.

Hans. Is that good manners for to take my tale,
Out of my mouth, before I make an end.

Pasq. I haue no manners: had I such an one
As *Amptill* is, to which seuen Parkes belong,
I would keepe thee to be my worships foole.

Hans

See mee, and see mee not.

Hans. Why? where is *Ampill*.

Pas. In the Fayery land,

Where men eate mutton, pigge, and goose, and beefe,
Rabbets and chickens, partridge, pheasants, quails,
And drinke rich wine, that France or Spaine sends in,
And strong March Beere, of five or sixe yeeres old,
But on with thy tale.

Hans. Ile hang thee first,
The Fayery land, wheres that? I am with child,
Good *Pasquill* tell me quickly, else I die;
My mind is ravisht from this lower Orbe,

Pas. Tis not farre of, weele goe to *Flutterkins*,
And talke more on't.

Hans. Why then thou winst my heart,
I long to see, to taste such wine, such cheere,
But more, I long for such vnheard of Beere.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Moore singing a verse or two of
a Song.*

If that I speake my language naturall,
I thinke theres few that vnderstands it here:
Its Hebers tongue left with the Abderites;
Hestron, pangaon, cacobomboton, Aphnes halenon,
Mydras, myphrasman, tyltura, pantha, teman,
Hogdon, camthempus, parathasta piderda laronta,
Clastrie campharides, bulgida bartrabela.
I am a Moore borne in Numedia,
Parcht with the suns extreame and scorching heate;
My mothers name *Abdela Sydan* hight,
My Father was *Don lande Uechia*,
A noble Spaniard, braue Castilian:
I serude the King of swart Numidia,
And did commaund ten thousand barbarous horse

For

See mee, and see mee not.

For two whole yeares; and then my fathers loue
Drew me from thence to seeke mount *Atlas* out;
And so to *Spaine*: my Marchant playde the iade,
And hoysted sayles for great *Byzantiums* towne;
From whence I ranne, and so through *Germanie*,
With vweary steps I poasted to this place.
If that you aske my name, and faine would know,
It is *Don Abendaracs Quixot*,
A Spaniard, Moore, halfe Turke, halfe Christian,
How ere my flesh escape the whizzing shot,
My tatterde doublet sure, escaped not.

He sings.

Exit.

Enter Ioash Flutterkie.

Good Wine, good Beere, they say, it needs no bush;
Yet haue I lookt abroad, and no man comes;
I haue ore-peerde the market hill quite round,
My goodly front, mine eyes, my neatest bearde.
My well fed corps: vvhy, these are Adamants
To draw mens minds to lend me many a look,
But yet (none heares) all passe, none steps aside,
The soaring Falcon stoopes not at my lure,
But clippes her wings, flees on, heedes not her prey,
I see no Younker, nor no Sericant yet;
But *Hans* is busie with his masters corne,
His Markets done, I am sure he will be here,
O theres a man liues brauely, keeps an house,
Releeues the poore, his gates be neuer shut;
His tables free, theres meat for honest men:
He liude in *England*, learnt that cuntryes guise,
For Hospitality, few such be here:
Yet frugall too, was neuer prodigall,
Spends nothing more, but what he well may spare,
He borrowes nought, nor lends on vsurie:

Yet

See mee, and see me not.

Yet hath ynough.

*Enter Younker. Marchant, and the
Serieant.*

Younk. Mine Hoast, vvhat all alone?
And market day, why this is wondrous strange.

Flut. My noble Younker: Welcome Gentlemen,
I want such guests, heeres beere was neuer drunke,
Fresh set a broach: puts downe the Diamont
For liuely sparkling: of transparent view,
More cleare then amber, or faire orient pearle,
Fetcht from the farthest *Inde*,

Younk. How now mine Hoste?

Gar. Spare so much curtesie, lest we suspect
Some hidden craft.

Flut. In me? you know me well,
Plaine *Flutterkin*, a downe, right dealing man,
I haue no guardes to set me brauely out;
But what I thinke I speake, and freely too,
Without deceit or simulation.

Ga. Why then two cans of your best English beere

Flut. It shall be done with much celerity.

He goeth out for Beere.

Youn. Come Serieant, I must haue construction
Of *Ouids* verses, ile not bate an ace
Before you drinke, I will not stay so long.

Ser. You are too hasty, spare me yet a while,
And then ile fit you.

Younk. Pray thee quicke, dispatch,
I haue some businesse calls me soone from hence.

Ser. Thinke you I cannot, am I such a foole?

Younk. I know not truly, but I loue to learne,

Ser. Why then giue care, take heed, & marke me well,

E

You

See mee, and see me not.

You often watch to take me at the worst;
But Ile barre that, Ile haue no cunning tricke.

Fert animus; my mind prouokes me: *Dij*

Cœptis aspirate meis: Yee gods

Blesse my proceedings: *dicere,* to speake

Of: *Corpora mutatas:* Bodies change,

In noua formas: to new shapes: *nam vos*

Mutastis & illas: for you transforme

Those bodyes strangely; yea and altered sore

Their shapes to that they neuer had before.

Youn. That same addition, addes life to the rest,
And wipes poore *Prescians* head, thats fouly broke:

Ser. Why, ist not right?

Younk. Yes, there's none can mend it.

Ser. And now sir, for our other argument,
Ile not giue of, before I am satisfied.

Gar. Flye to him Serieant, I will take thy part,
To serue on horsebacke, is best seruice still,
I will maintaine it, while I liue one day.

Yon. Gainst him and you, but giue me leaue to speake,
Ile shew my reasons what I thinke are fit.

*Enter Pasquill and Hans, and Flutter-
kin followes them with a Canne
of Beere in eyther
hand.*

Pasq. They are here before vs.

Hans. We come in time,
Here comes mine host propt vp between two cans.

Hans. That's well, all good.

Youn. A payre of prety youthes;
Shew me but one sixe pence *Pasquill*, then Ile say,
Thoul't quickly thrue.

Pasq. Why, that I can, seethere,
There's foure, and all vspent, belure your eyes.

See mee, and see me not.

Yonn. God blesse mine eyes, but *Hans* what newes at home:
How fares my Parents, are they both in health?

Hans. They send their blessing, but your mothers, it
Is to be felt: tis leaquer on *de tangde*,
It cleaves fast to your palmes: nay sir, tis gold,
The purest mettall that the earth affords.

Yonn. Fill out some Beere mine Hoast.

Flut. Heeres to that hand;
That blest you so with crosses of that kind.

Ser. It shall be pledgde.

Pas. Hang him sayes nay.

Hans. Not I.

Gar. Nor I, nor hee, but with as good a will,
As ere I came from Schoole, with leaue to play.

Flut. Then giue me leaue I will begin this round;
This swelling cuppe I will drinke liuely out,
Not one word more, before I feet about.

Yonn. In this ile please you, but ile drinke no more.

*They drinke round, the Younker and Sericant
rise from the Table,*

The question which I prosecute is this,
If horse or foot should haue preheminance:
They are needfull both, to make an armie vp:
Yet those great Armies which the *Tartars* vsde,
Were all of horse; so were the *Persians*
Till later times the English *Shirleis* taught
The vse offoot, and how to entrench a Campe.
What can they doe but in such huge, vaste plaines,
As are *Tyranna*, and that *Cassona*
So oft made red with *Turkes* & *Christians* bloud,
And great *Pharsalia* famous for the fight
Twixt *Pompey* and *Cesar* worthy Warriours both,
Both which did striue for *Romes* sole Monarchie.

See mee, and jee mee not.

On mountaines, bogs or woods, or broken rockes:
Where are your horle, ore-turnde and swallowed vp
What can they doe against a stand of Pykes,
Well linde with shot in such vantageous place.

Ser. But what say you vnto that Persian Prince
That beat the Turke with thirty thousand horse,
Selim the first, the bloudiest *Ottoman*
Of all his race; who brought into the field
Two hundred thousand strong of horse and foot.

Youn. Indeed you touch me now, that history,
Makes much for you, that *Sophy Imael*,
Did meet the tyrant in the open field;
Whose multitudes did thinke to swallow him
With open iawes, like to a mighty whale:
But as an anker he stucke in his throat;
And made him kecke and shrinke, to quit himselfe.

Gar. As how good brother, I desire to heare:
This likes me well: mine host I drinke to you.

Flut. I thanke you sir, you shall not go vnpledged:
Here *Pa/quill*, *Hans*, you two shall haue your sharest.

Both. We thanke you both, we mean not to refuse.

Ser. Yea, toot and spare not, it will be your owne,
Good drink breeds blood, & blood makes able men

Youn. This warlike Prince diuides his troupes in two
The right hand battle he himselfe did leade,
The left, his vassall namde *Vstan Oghlie*,
When Turkes diuided they did doe the like,
And so escape the thundering Ordinance.
Vnhappy *Vstan* could not get so cleare
As did his Master, for the Canon shot
Fell mongst his troupes, and did him greater harme.
This dreadlesse Prince with valour brauely armed,
Fals on amayne, with Turkish routes enclosde
On euery side, and from each side he sends
Such fiery balles, as made them know his force.

They

See mee, and see mee not.

They forwards ride, and backewards send their shot
On cyther hand, no place from them was free,
He onward flings, amongst the Ianizars,
The chiefeſt guard that this grand Seigneur hath,
And driues them backe within their ſtrongeſt hold,
Amongſt their packes, and Camels bound with chaines,
No words, nor blowes, nor fayreſt promiſes
Could make them budge, or moue, or ſtirre one foot.
The wounded Prince, that fainted bleeding fore,
Vnable ſcarce to keepe his Courſers backe,
Perceyuing this, with ſlow pac'te ſteps retirde,
And wheelde about, leauing his richeſt tents
Vnto theyr ſpoyle, that durſt not ſtirre to ſee,
For three dayes ſpace, what was become of him.
In this yeelde, the worlds beſt ſeruiſe knowne
That euer Horſemen did, themſelues alone.

Ser. Well Younker, haue I catcht you. I am glad
Of any thing, wherewith to ſtop your mouth.

Youn. Nay ſoft, good Sericant, what can Horſemen doe,
Before a towne, when we beleaguer it.
They'l ſcale the walles, paſſe trenches, giue aſſaults,
Or enter breaches, yes I warrant you.

Ser. They ſcoure the Countrey, bring rich booties in,
While we lye ſtaruing here, they liue at eaſe,
Eate, drinke and ſleepe.

Youn. The more they anſwere for:
When they ride ſtrugling forth for lawleſſe ſpoyle,
Wee keepe our works in daunger night and day,
No ſpoyled peafant cryes on vs for's goods,
Nor rauisht mayde, for loſt Virginitie,
Nor wronged wife for forc't diſhoneſty.

Gar. What? would you haue no Horſemen then,

Younk. Not ſo.

Miſtake me not, but ile not yeeld them chiefe,
Each body well compoſde, it doth conſiſte

See mee, and jee mee not.

On mountaines, bogs or woods, or broken rockes:
Where are your horse, ore-turnde and swallowed vp
What can they doe against a stand of Pykes,
Well linde with shot in such vantageous place.

Ser. But what say you vnto that Persian Prince
That beat the Turke with thirty thousand horse,
Selim the first, the bloudiest *Ottoman*
Of all his race; who brought into the field
Two hundred thousand strong of horse and foot.

Youn. Indeed you touch me now, that history,
Makes much for you, that *Sophy Ismael*,
Did meet the tyrant in the open field,
Whose multitudes did thinke to swallow him
With open iawes, like to a mighty whale:
But as an anker he stucke in his throat;
And made him kecke and shrink, to quit himselfe.

Gar. As how good brother, I desire to heare:
This likes me well: mine host I drinke to you.

Flut. I thanke you sir, you shall not go vnpledgd:
Here *Pa/quill*, *Hans*, you two shall haue your shares:

Both. We thanke you both, we mean not to refuse.

Ser. Yea, toot and spare not, it will be your owne,
Good drink breeds blood, & bloud makes able men

Youn. This warlike Prince diuides his troupes in two
The right hand battle he himselfe did leade,
The left, his vassall namde *Ystān Oghlie*,
When Turkes diuided they did doe the like,
And so escape the thundering Ordinance.
Vnhappy *Ystān* could not get so cleare
As did his Master, for the Canon shot
Fell mongst his troupes, and did him greater harme.
This dreadlesse Prince with valour brauely armed,
Fals on amayne, with Turkish routes enclosde
On euery side, and from each side he sends
Such fiery balles, as made them know his force.

They

See mee, and see mee not.

They forwards ride, and backewards send their shot
On cyther hand, no place from them was free,
He on ward flings, amongst the Ianizars,
The chiefeft guard that this grand Seigneur hath,
And driues them backe within their strongest hold,
Amongst their packes, and Camels bound with chaines,
No words, nor blowes, nor fayrest promises
Could make them budge, or moue, or stirre one foot.
The wounded Prince, that fainted bleeding sore,
Vnable scarce to keepe his Coursers backe,
Perceyuing this, with slow pac'te steps retirde,
And wheelde about, leauing his richest tents
Vnto theyr spoyle, that durst not stirre to see,
For three dayes space, what was become of him.
In this yeelde, the worlds best seruice knowne
That euer Horsemen did, themselves alone.

Ser. Well Younker, haue I catcht you. I am glad
Of any thing, wherewith to stop your mouth.

Youn. Nay soft, good Sericant, what can Horsemen doe,
Before a towne, when we beleaguer it.
They'l scale the walles, passe trenches, giue assaults,
Or enter breaches, yes I warrant you.

Ser. They scoure the Countrey, bring rich booties in,
While we lye staruing here, they liue at ease,
Eate, drinke and sleepe.

Youn. The more they answere for:
When they ride strugling forth for lawlesse spoyle,
Wee keepe our works in daunger night and day,
No spoyled peasant cryes on vs for's goods,
Nor rauisht mayde, for lost Virginitie,
Nor wronged wife for forc't dishonesty.

Gar. What? would you haue no Horsemen then,

Younk. Not so.

Mistake me not, but ile not yeeld them chiefe,
Each body well composde, it doth consiste

See mee, and see mee not.

Of diuers members, framde by art, yet naturall;
The body where are lodgde the chiefest parts,
I liken it vnto the Infanterie;

The exteriour parts to the Cauallerie.

The heart commaunds, the members execute;

So they to vs, not we to them giue way.

Ser. But where they are alone, all absolute:

What they can doe, against your selfe you proude.

Youn. Why thats Barbarian, and not Christian-like,

Where multitude preuayles, not discipline,

And in such places, as I namde before;

As witnesse are those three dayes cruell fight

Huniades maintaind gainst mighty *Amurath*

The second: in *Cossonas* fatall plaines.

He kept an hill with thirty thousand men;

Ten thousand horse, the rest were all on foot

Against the *Turkes* that lay like Grashoppers,

Filling those plaines, eight miles in compasse round:

This little handfull, roulde and turnde about,

On that hils top in strong and close array,

Flamde like a Candle mongst a world of flyes,

That burnt themselues, ere they could put it out:

At length with trauell tyrde, with blows & wounds

All rent and torne, choakt vp with smoake & stench

Of bodies dead: match, poulder, bullets spent

This light did glimmer, flasht, and so went out.

Gar. What did the horsmen there, did none escape?

Yon. They quit their horse, and made them as a wal

For their defence, and fought it out on foot,

Almost to the last man, some few escape;

And swamme the riuer, got into a wood

Among the which, *Huniades* was one

The halfe beat conquering *Turks* had all enough,

Stood still and gazde, and glad to see him gone.

Ser. Was not the Seignieur proude, on victory,

Reioy-

See mee, and see mee not.

Reioycing much at his Hungarian spoyles.

Youn. So proude, he mournd: was sicke with griefe and hate,
Of this his Conquest, at so deare a rate.

Gar. This likes me well, but ere you doe proceed,
Ile drinke to you: now am I for the foot,
Heeres to you all, my noble Fantassines.

Pasq. Sir, one health more, your Fathers health, I meane,
That good olde man, he must not be forgot.

Youn. Drinke't out I pray thee, I will haue no more.

Pasq. Were you a Younker, made of beaten golde,
You should haue this; What nor your Fathers health?

Youn. No, not his health, to drinke away mine owne:
But drinke to *Hans*, I see by his lips hee's drie;
He wants it, I doe not, heele drinke for me,
Or to the Serieant, he can get no drinke.

Pasq. Nor him, nor he, ile drinke to none but you,
Ile keepe my man, I learn't that tricke at Schoole.

Youn. Am I your man, god *Bacchus*, tosse pot Knight,
Would glasse and drinke were both besides thy guts;
I tell thee, ile no more.

Flutt. Come *Pasquill*, I
Will pledge thee, I can yet hold out, two cups,
Two slashes on the legs will not be felt.
I am as strong as *Hercules* neere out.

Ser. Why how now *Hans*? what Planet stricke? quite mute,
Or Bagge-pype-like, not speake before thou art full,
Not one wise word; why, where is all thy mirth.

Hans. Nor so, nor so, I can speake yet, if neede,
I heare, I see, yet nothing say at all:
Mine Hoast hath learn't, to play at Foxe mine hoast;
He will grow kind, we shall haue drinke inough.

Flutt. Enough my Ladde, wilt drinke an Ocean?
Me thinks a Whirle-poole cannot ore drinke me.

Ser. Yet am I still for horse a Kingly fight,
Oh finely mounted, what a pleasure tis

Atroupe

Seemee, and see mee not.

A troupe of braue Launcers, a stately shew,

Youn. More shew then seruice, for our good Dragons,
Doe wheele about vntoucht, and gall their sides,
Nor doe our Pykemen care a straw for them:

Those troupes are good for execution,
To spoyle a Kingdome, waste or hauocke all:

Wheres no resistance, or at least small head,
Or else to runne, when as a battels lost,

But for a strength, a braue battalion

Of Pikes and shot, empald two hundred square,
And flanckt with carts and packes on eyther side:

Your horsemen may goe whistle, where are they,

This yron wall is impenetrable.

Witnes that battell was at *Varna* fought,

A shame to Christians for their breach of truce.

Ser. Why? what was that? twixt whom, what was there don?

Gar. He payes you Sericant now, you'r well most gone.

Come Ile goe home, Ile stay no longer here.

This Beere hath pepper, it beginnes to bite.

Ser. Yet stay a while, and Ile waite on you home,

I must needs heare an end of this discourse.

Younk. The Cardinall *Iulian* mooude this lucklesse Warre,

Causing the King and States of Hungarie

To breake their truce, which they had solemne sworne,

The Pope dispenc't with them, so would not God,

If he be witnesse: he wils faith be kept

Without exception, be it with Infidels,

As this was here; the sequell proude it true,

In manner thus: *Huniades*, that mannadgdeall,

Dislikte this warre: yet *Vladislaus*

This youthfull King, eggde on by *Iulian*,

Would needs breake faith with mighty *Amarath*,

And neere to *Varna* both their armies met,

Where he so plac't his battels as a Lake,

Flanckt the left side; a wood was on the reere;

And

See mee, and see me not.

And on the right hand all their waggon's went:
Had they kept so, *Byzantium* had beene ours:
And Greece once more it had beene Christendome;
The battels ioynd, and after furious charge,
The *Turkes* turnde backe, like birds with scarlions scarde;
So dreadfull were those well knowne colours which
Hunades did beare: he giues them chace,
Heedes not the meaner troupes; but at hard heeles,
Followes the fearefull *Amurath*: meane while
The warlike Priest, more happy at his booke
Doth quit his strength, falls on, thinks all is woone,
Some chace the *Turkes*, while others seeke for prey,
And spoyle theyr tents: they rued this greedinesse.
This when the *Turkes* perceyde, they loone rallide,
And chac't them now, by whom they erst were chac'de.
Here dyes the periurde King, the lucklesse Priest
Falls in a ditch, and there was choakt with mudde.

Ser. Where was the Generall? what did he this while?

Yonn. His warlike troupes, stood firme both horse and foote:
Helde on his chace, none durst gainst him make head;
But when he saw all lost, with watred eyes,
True signals of his griefe, all safe retirde,
And watcht the Seigneur till he left those bounds.

Gar. Why, this was strange, Oh fie on periury,
He not belecue spenations of the Pope,
Had that foule Cardinall, choakt in's mothers wombe,
This shamefull losse had scaped Christendome.

Ser. That's true sir, pray drinke one cup to me,
Deed I am drye.

Gar. I care not, soes not I.
Filtvp, drinke out, you are an honest man,
How dost *Pasquill*, perceiust thou nothing yet.

Pas. All well sir; nothing: I am pretily well,
And soes mine host, I thinke his braines doe crow.

Yonn. But leauing these to come neere to our times,

See mee, and see me not.

And nearer home, Ile giue you one for all,
When *Henry* th'eight of famous memory,
Wan *Bolleigne* from the French: neere *Ardes* town
A great Commaunder lighted from his horse,
When gainst the English they were to make head,
And serude on foot, vsing such friendly speech:
You are the men I loue, this like I best;
With you ile liue and dye: Let me aske this;
What seruice euer did the horse alone,
In these our Belgicke warres, without the foot?
Can they endure hunger, thirst or want,
Or march in cold, or heate, like to the foot:
They le dye, like dogs, and you must eate them yp;
Or they le eate you.

*Cornelius discovers himselfe. His man creepes
behind mine Host Flusterkin. and
sippes out behind him.*

Why whats the matter there?

Ser. Well Younker well, I will with you dispen ce,
Ile yeeld the foot the chiefe preheminnence.

Enter Cornelius.
He reeles against him.

Flut. Your Worships welcome, you do grace mine house.

Corn. Thanks, good mine Host, is *Phabius* past his height,
Or betimes changde, ist Noone before be night?
Your house is altered, its growne a Schoole
Of good discourse; of martiall discipline.

Ser. Wilt please you sir to drinke?

Corn. Some Claret Wine;
No Beere, I seldome vse to drinke twixt meales;
Obserue good dyet, to preserue mine health.

Drinke

See mee, and see me not.

Drinke fasting in the morning strong March Beere,
Small Beere at Meales, and when my stomackes rawe,
A Cuppe of Spanish Wine: Eat light Suppers,
Neere sit vp late at night: and rise betimes;
Oft walke abroad, and vse much exercise:
These midnight Reuels, Surfets, Wine, and Whores,
And priuate quarrels, haue deuourde more men
Then haue the wars of late.

Ser. Sir, heeres a Chayre,
Please you to sit and take Tobaccho with vs.

Cor. Not I good Serieant, He no Trinidade,
My nose shall not be reeye, nor guts dyde blacke,
That daintie likes me not, that wholesome Weede,
Makes fulsome smell: a dying hound would choake
With Belgicke fire, and with Spanish smoake.

Gar. You can endure the smell sir?

Corn. Wondrous well,
But not to take it; It doth purge mine head,
And makes me sneeze, as though I tooke my selfe.
Its well done Serieant, you haue helde him vp
With good discourse: All times not lost, I see,
Nor yet ill spent: place makes not men or good
Or bad, its lewdnesse, ill condition,
As vice or vertue doth in men abound;
Vertue from Heauen, Vice it comes from Hell,
And dragges mens soules where monstons Furies dwell.

Flutt erkin brings Wine, and drinkes to him.

Please you sir, I will drinke one hearty draught
Vnto your Worships welcome to the towne;
In generous Claret, sparkling, this for me,
The onely drinke.

He drinkes.

Cor. Drinkt out.

I thanke you kindly.

See mee, and see mee not.

To drinke one hearty draught, will doe me good.

Flut. Yea twenty, if you will, heeres Wine enough.
The towne is full, good lyquor wais it round,

Cor. The Moate thou meanest; thou speakest in Metaphors:
You haue been busie, I perceyue the cuppe
Workes his reuenge, for ioaling it so oft.

Ser. A little sir, one ciuill cuppe or two.

Cor. That ciuill cup breedes inciuility.
When wine somtimes makes men be not themselvs
How dost thou *Pasquill*, I am glad thou art well?

Pas. I thanke you sir, I want but Holydayes.

Cor. What dost thou worke so hard?

Pas. Pay-dayes I meane,
To make one meet another, and shake hands,
On euen termes, is all that I care for.

Cor. Tis well thou ledest a merry life.

Pasq. Thanke God.

My Mistresse, and you sir: you are my friends
You make me drinke, when others will not doot.

Cor. What news mine host, I like your humor wel
Tis merry harmeles, free without offence:
But wheres my man, was not he here to day.

Pas. He was indeed, but went before you came
About his businesse.

Cor. Since you might haue sayd;
I saw him when he slinkte behind mine hoast

Pas. Gods blessing on your hart, what ere you thinke
You find no fault.

Flut. What newes sir? did you aske?
Here is small newes: our Church-men disagree
About opinions, which nere troubles me:
I am a man, I hope, beleeuces the right,
Theres but one God, one true religion;
One way to heauen, two or three to hell,
If they teach right, according to Gods word,

I will

See mee, and see mee not.

I will belecue them, otherwise ile chuse.

Cor. Why thats wel said, indeed those deep disputes
Are fitter for the Vniuersities

To be discust within the Colledge walles

Amongst the learned, not to come abroad

In open Pulpits mongst the meaner sort,

Whose faith is weak, whose iudgment cannot reach

Vnto the depth of things: the Magistrate,

Whose sword I dare not touch, should looke to this:

T'will breed combustions, hazard many foules,

Besides this place befits not this discourse;

Therefore ile breake it off, Come lets away;

Ile to my wife, I left her at your house:

Sonne *Garland*, there I mean to dine;

To morrow I enuite you to my house

To eat some venison, here tis nouelty;

It came from *England*, baked in Rye paste,

Look that you come, mine host this recknings mine:

Let not my sonne score high: for if you doe

Tis lost for me, Ile not pay one penny.

Flut. No sir, he does not, needs not, will not sir;

I will not misse you, if it shall please God

Nothing shall stay me, nought shall keepe me backe.

Pas. And Ile come too, and though I goe on foote.

Co. Why come & welcom, thats your chiefeſt cheare

I keepe no feast, but what lasts all the yeare.

Exeunt. Musicke.

Enter Hans solus.

If I escape vnscene, why so it is:

If not I care not much: it is but so;

Perhaps a chiding, soure looke, or rappe,

Its but a storme, it will be soone ore-past;

See mee, and see mee not.

May be, iust nothing : but ile haile me home;
Set vp mine horses, dresse my stable vp,
And do such things, as I doe vse to doe,
So I be doing, tis no matter what :
If it be not ill, and may bring profite in,
Or otherwise, preuent a willfull waste.
Things must be handsome, idlenes is nought,
My Mistresse loues me for my cleanlinelle.
Our yarde lyes handsome, theres no scattered straw
Nor sticks, nor chippes, but all things be as neate,
As some mans house, not rooted hog-stye like;
Or else poore *Hans* his iacquet hums : my coate
Is sure to pay for't : ere my master comes
Ile be at home; if *Paquill* ere come there
Ile sit on's skirts, fear't not, for out of doubt,
Ile vse him so, the boyes shall find him out.

Exit.

Enter Cornelius and his wife.

I told you wife where I should finde your sonne;
Your sons I might haue sayde : for they were both
Fast at the pot, some talkt, some drunke as fast;
The cuppes flew high, & brains wast something light
I doe perceyue wise men sometimes lash out,
And thrifty too : would you haue thought my son
The Marchant *M. Garland* would haue slept
Into a tappe-house, there to spend his time,
And money both.

Hann. Why not? tis recreation,
Sometimes for company, alwayes at home;
It makes it loathsome, duls the braine and sence :
We must not thinke on profite alwayes, winne,
Spend now and then, though not to please our selus
For others sakes.

Cor.

See mee, and see mee not.

Cor. Well: you will still excuse,
Your sonne, this giues too much encouragement
To his amisse.

Hann. I speake not fore his face,
Nor doe I like in him, what you dislike:
My will is yours; but should I say as you
We should not reason, so to passe the time;
For when I speake, and speake the same you doe;
You'l not reply, then both our tongues are still;
But if I crosse you, though it be not much,
I heare more of you, sometimes learne more witte.

Cor. Your answers sharpe, it cutteth razor like,
A womans witte is quicke, as quicke her tongue,
As Aspin leaues, some say it is the last
Part of a woman dyes.

Han. Alasse poore soules, we women must beare all
We weaker vessels must abide your frumpes:
But tis no matter, while they breake no skinne,
Our backs were made to beare.

Cor. Your bellies full,

Han. Our children do you mean? thats Gypcia like:
For so they beare them, in their flats or sheetes;
If otherwise, my modest cheekes would blush
To answer you.

Cor. Better and better still;
Your apprehension takes like tutch; its hard
To finde a woman quicke of wit, so milde,
So modest, shamefack, and so debonnaire.
It ioyes me much, a womans modesty,
And grieues my soule to heare a scoulding queane;
That sets her husbands night-cap on with hornes.

Hann. Be there such women?

Cor. No, there should not be,
I doe not say there are; I know none such;
All women are alike to me, Ile swear,

See mee, and see mee not.

If my skill fayle not, thoult not cuckold me,
Nor bring more children, so thy planet sayes,
I found it, casting thy Natiuity.

Ham. Oh sir, those studies are but fopperies,
They are coniectures, theres no certainty,
Scarce warrantable, by the word of God,
Yet Schollers vse them, if not good, the more,
Their fault, my fancie telles me so.

Cor. Tis true:
The art is lawfull, tis Astrologie,
But th'arts abuse in those predictions
Stretching a string too farre, marres all;
We must not attribute to creatures that
Which the Creator wils; its he alone,
That guides our bodies, not the influence
Of starres or Planets, without him theyr power
Is nothing; nor doth he reueale his will
In them; yet wonders strange they oft foreshew,
Which men may guesse at, none knows til tis past;
Therefore I holde them idle vanity.

Ham Now sir, you are welcom home, this idle chat
Hath shortned our way: Ile to my Dayerie;
I must spare time to see my housewifery.

Exeunt.

Enter Pasquill solus.

Shall I not haue a pleasant iourney on't
Thinke you, that must take such prouision
With me: a Tankard full of Spanish Wine,
Like those in London Water-bearers vse;
The which the Marchant sends to his Father
A baked Swanne, and two huge Turkey-cockes;
Two bottles of French Wine, the Sericant sends
And M. *Flutterkin*. I am their man

Must

See mee, and see me not.

Must doe their businesse, must haste on a fore,
While they take leasure: Nay Ile get two more
To wayte on me, and rowe me in a boate
With this my luggage: when I am dry, Ile drinke,
And taste a bit: but that the Pies are whole;
O theres the grieve: but yet Ile haue a trick
Shall serue my turne, ere I will sterue for meate.
Three English miles, and neyther drinke nor eate?
It is too great a iourney, I shall scarfe holde out
Without refreshing, something by the way,
Will doe me good, but for mine honest men;
Ile keepe them sober, giue them neuer a droppe
Till they come there, vnto the Younkers house,
Where they shall haue enough; too much I doubt
Without more heed; yet none wil force them drink,
But if they'l take, theyr Butterie is so free.
A drunkard will be catcht, before hee's ware;
There's *Hans* his man, that raseall *Beere-pot*,
He will be doing, though he gets the worst;
And when his head flies light, why then hee runnes
To looke to his horse, and there he fals a sleepe
Ore th'cares in litter; but Ile watch him now.
Ile keepe him from the Stable; then I am sure
To nogge him soundly; Ile corroborate
My *Peere-pot* brauely; Ile bufficulate,
And counter-icere him with my termes of Arte;
Ribrost his downes, sling vp my Gallants heeles;
Make him take heed hereafter: be he wise
To deale with Souldiers in a drinking prize.
But time hastes on, and I must hence with speed;
What's left with me in trust, Ile doot indeed.

Exit.

Enter the Monke

Singing

G

Button

See mee, and see me not.

Burston danismarden, calamini hay pindara toekson,

Marnut a maltalton, tintima marra tolon.

I brought with me great store of Barbarie golde;

But all is gone, my parrell quite worne out;

And in this fashion am ashamde to goe,

For feare my father would not looke on me;

But if good fortune furnish me againe.

With your free wils Ile run from hence to Spaine.

Sing againe.

Here may you see how fortune turns her wheele:

I that before did many men commaund;

Am now constrainde to serue my Masters man;

For Fortune I care not, that fickle Whore;

I will be merry still, though neere so poore.

Sing another Song, and goe out.

*Enter the Younker, the Marchant and the
Sericant.*

Ser. I thank you both, for you haue made me fine;

These gloues and gartars they were quickly won:

Each day so set on worke, I should be rich.

Blest be my Grandame brought me vp at Schoole

Where I learn't wit, more then you thought I had.

Gar. He hath drild vs both, & mocks vs to our teeth.

What shall we do with him? weel' canuase him.

Ser. I am too bigge.

Youn. VVee'l fling him in the graffe,

T'wil coole him sweetly; oh t'will doe him good.

Ser. Were I an Anabaptist, you might doo't,

And witnes for me that I were baptizde;

But that I had i'th town where I was borne,

See mee, and see me not.

Ere eight dayes olde, I doe remember't yet.

Youn. O monstrous, fie, thy mouth is foully torne,
Art not asham'd?

Ser. As well I sweare,
As the first smocke that ere my Father vveare.

Gar. Let him alone & hee'l maintain't vvith oths.

Ser. See, see how you are deceiu'd, you thought I lyde,
There's no such matter, altered is the case,
As surely as I liue, and walking in this place.

Gar. Riming againe, Ile deale no more with you;
I had enough of late, I payde too deare
For your conceites, Ile haue no more of them.

Ser. As often as you will, you know the price;
And for my skill I passe not, am not nice.

Youn. Well to him Serieant, now Ile take thy part
Gainst him, as he did thine before gainst me;
Ile be reuengde for his discourtesie.

I maruell much where's Master *Flutterkin*?
He stayes so long I thinke he hath forgot himselfe.

Ser. O here he is, his guts they are so stufte,
With his fat liquor he can scarcely runne.

Gar. Scarce runne, scarce goe, this barreld Sturgeon
Is out of breath, his greace begins to melt.

Flut. Mocke on my Gallants, see what will come on't,
A shame on Lurchers, you haue kilde me vp.
I ranne so fast, ere I could oretake you.

Gar. A child of two yeare old would runne as fast.

Flut. Then Ile be hang'd, good sir, how can that runne?
That doth but dade, can hardly goe or stand.

Wheres *Pasquill* is he gone?

Ser. Hee's there by this?
I saw him at the Ports, that Gentleman
Is ats two men; takes boate, sits downe at ease,
And takes Tobacco, while they row him on,
He keepes a bottle iust betwixt his legges,

See mee, and see menot.

Drinckes when he list, and so he sets it downe.

Flut. Would I were with him in such a quipage;
Or he were here, for I am almost choak't.

*Draw out the Aquavita pottle
and drinckes.*

Gar. Why, how *Flutterkin*, at your *Brande-wine*?
I pray thee giue me some.

Flut. Not the least droppe.

Drinke againe.

Were you a thousand Merchants; *Serieantes,*

Or Younkers not a droppe, *drinke againe.*

Thinke you Ile dye

For want of wholesome drinke? al's out, see there:

So now I am well, can walke a mile or two,

As lustique as a Boore, and neere complaine.

Youn. My fathers yonder, he comes here to meet's.

Flut. So nigh already; Oh, I see the house;

I smell the Kitchen, see the Chimneis smoake.

Come *Serieant*; put the better legge before;

You shall speake first, if well, Ile second you.

Ser. Thanks good mine Host, your wit would help me much

For good conceites your wholesome guts haue hatcht,

When sodde in sacke, your braines beginne to flow.

Flut. Out from the horrourof infernall deepes;

Pass forward on, for I must stay behind:

Some small occasion biddes me stand aside.

Cor. Its' well your come, for I did thinke you long;

And that you had forgot to keepe your words.

I bid you welcome to my Country farme;

Take that for all, Ile vse no ceremonie.

Ser. Ile warrant you sir, we did not meane to sayle,

To stay at home, and misse so good a feast,

Ti's Christmas now, it comes but once a yeare;

And

See mee, and see mee not.

And when it comes, men say, it brings good cheare:
Here's *Flutterm* takes leysure, comes behind;
Good man he sweates, his guts keepe him so warme,
But feare of fainting by the high way side,
He hath prouided to preferue his health;
Brande-Wine a creuse, which he drinks out himselfe.

Flut. I heare you Sericant, I can beare your mocks:
You neuer knew fat men but honest yet;
A good companion, full of mirth and wit;
Leane iades cast off, lye staruing in a ditch;
When plumper steeds are steemde among the rich.

Ser. Are you so nigh, I thought you had been lost:
By your leau sir; Ile welcome here mine Hoast.

Cor. Ha Sericant I haue known thee to serue long,
And yet thou stick'st, belike thou lik'st thy game:
Trie friends and fortune, may be it will hitte
To make thee higher on preferments steppe;
Stand not on thornes: aduenture, draw a carde.

Ser. So may I draw, and draw my selfe quite out:
And struing to get more, loose that I haue.
Times are not now as they were erst, when you
Did haunt the fields, and ledde a Souldiers life:
Men had respect, and then were lookt vpon
For their deserts; but now tis nothing so.
Reward goes backward, honour on his head,
And due deserts are sleight regarded now:
He that wants gold, seekes place, may stand aloofe;
Stand fast he that would rise, or else he falles;
That now is sould, which then was but free guift;
Promotions fall not, but are bought before;
He that mounts now, he doth not as of olde;
Rise by his vertues, but helpt vp with gold. (mind;

Yonn. With leau and reuerence may I speake my
What though my friends be rich? it grieues me much
To see poore Souldiers walke in meane attire;

See mee, and see mee not.

And lesse respect that haue deseru'd well,
Growne olde in warres, and got nothing but blowes,
Wide gaping wounds, lost limmes and broken bones,
And iust preferment, which another gets,
And they deseru'd, and perhaps a man
That neuer saw the field, nor chimneis smoake;
But those at home within his native soyle.
Each man would vp, there's none I am sure would downe;
And they may vse their talents as their owne
To their owne good and glory, not the hurt
Of poore or rich, of Kingdomes, Common-wealthes;
I blame not those that seeke to encrease their wealth,
Or better their estates by honest meanes;
I wrong not Princes, touch not their affaires.
Carpe not at men, but times corruptions;
Some climbe too fast, and climbing catch a fall;
If please God he can helpe it, he helps all.

Cor. The Romans vs'd to make their Worthies knowne,
By honourde titles, and with ornaments,
As rings and chaines, gilt swordes, and spurs of gold,
Which none might weare but such as were allowde.
But now *lacke Sance* will be in's gilded spurs,
Whose father brewde good Ale for honest men:
Lodg'd Pedlers, Tynkers, Bearewards such a crew,
The scumme of men, the plainer ascality,
Such was *Auratus Eques* miles calde;
The French men now, call him *Vichenalier*;
We call them Rydders, the English name them Knights;
T'was strange to see, what Knighthood once would doe;
Stirre great men vp, to lead a martiall life,
Such as were nobly borne, of great estates
To gaine this honour, and this dignity;
So noble a marke to their posterity.
But now alas, it's growne ridiculous,
Since bought with money, sold for basest prize;

That

See mee, and see mee not.

That some refuse it, which are counted wise.

Gar. But heere's the difference, for we vse to say,
Is such one Knighted? he deseru'd it well;
Hee's learned, wise, an hopefull Gentleman;
Hath been abroad, hath seene and knowes the warres;
He speakes more language then his mothers tongue,
He can doe's country seruice, or his Prince
At home, abroad by Sea, or else by land,
Maintaine the sword of ciuill gouernement:
But such ones made a Knight: What that Arch-Clowne!
His wit is like his mothers milking payle:
Brought vp at home, or at *Hogsmorton Schoole*:
His Father neare gaue armes, writ good-man *Cluneh*,
And he kept sheepe, or beasts, droue plough or cart:
The first on's name, first Knight, then Gentleman.
God giue him ioy, his honour cost him deare:
A sotte in Crimson, growne a golden Knight;
Well may'te become him, he becomes not it:
More then an Ass, a rich caparison.

Cor. You are two bitter son, you speake too townsman like,
As one that enuies Country Gentlemen:
He that doth rayse his house, although a Clowne,
Is happier farre, then he that puls it downe.

Gar. Indeed thats true, for he may haue a Sonne,
Whose better breeding may helpe those defects,
That be ins father, may be fitte to rule,
The Sword of Iustice in a common-wealth,
Raifeth his house and name, sets it higher,
Writes second Knight, a Iustice, or Esquier.

Cor. When I was in my flowre of youth, and liu'de
In *Englands* Court, that swarmde with Martialists,
Seamen and Souldiers, there had great respect,
Were set by; honourd more then other men,
As *Drake* and *Candish*. *Hawkins*, *Frobisher*,
Williams, and *Basternile* two valiant Knights,

Those

Those worthy brothers knowne by *Norris* names;
The *Veres*, the *Shirlois*, and the *Constables*,
Sir *Thomas Morgan*, braue Lord *Willoughbie*,
Whom Spaniards termde the fierce, the diuell of hel,
Renowned *Essex*, famous *Cumberland*,
And both the *Howard*s proude so oft at Sea
With tempelts, roaring billowes, Canon shot,
George Somers Knight, *Carlile* and *Lancaster*,
Were not the least; these liued in my time;
And diuers more whose names I haue forgot,
That serude in *Ireland*, whom those bloody warres,
Made famous vnto all posterity,
Some liuing yet, some foulded vp in lead,
That dyde in honours lappe; sleepe in her bed.

Ser. Then was a time that souldiers were esteemd,
And if they liude they had preferment sure,
And those that dyde were well provided for;
Then did men rise from meanest parentage
By their deserts, to places of account,
As some you nam'de, not borne to any thing;
Did rayse their fortunes to a great estate,
And gaue no bribes, did not one pennypay,
To any cogging Claw-backe Sycophant,
And for deserts had freely what they had,
For happy was that man, though neere so great,
That could doe honour to a man of warre,
As those that seru'd in France amongst those broils,
And ciuill discordes yet can testifie,
When that rich kingdome pittcoussly torne
All staine with gore, halfe mar'd with fire & sword
VVhat there was got, how much account was had
Of them: when backe they made their home return:
VVhen happy *Bombas* got those lillyes three;
Began their peace: did end that misery.

Cor. I saw those warres, and saw that nauall fight

See mee, and see me not.

In eighty eight twixt Spaine and English fleet;
With *Norreis* went I vnto Portugall,
And was with *Ellex* at the sacke of *Cales*,
From thence to Ireland where I was a while,
But Newport battell that made vp my mouth,
The last great seruice that I ere was at,
Where being sore hurt, was weake, and sicke long time,
Ere I was well, and had my former health
Before that time, if ought were to be done,
Each summer was I wandring still abroad,
And what I got, encreast my liuelihood,
Each yeare a little, till I had enough,
I thanke my God, he tost me to and fro,
And sent me home at last to liue in peace;
Per mare, per terras, per tot discrimenarum
Tendimus in Latium: this *Aeneas* sayd.

In Latine land when Troian wars were past,
To liue in peace we are arriue at last,
Blest be that hand which brought this blessed peace;
And blest be those that pray it neuer cease.

Flut. O happy you, that so did spend your time,
In dangers great abroad, by sea and land,
While lazie Lurdaines lay and slept at home,
You rayzde your fortunes, got a braue estate,
And after all, now leade a Country life,
Amongst your neighbours with a vertuous wife.

Ser. Why thats a comfort, farre beyond compare,
This happy life cannot be paragonde,
My owne conceit hath rapt me from my selfe,
Me thinks I am such one, my state is such,
And how I sit by mine owne fire side
With my sweet wife, the life of my deare life,
And tell my children, what I erst haue scene
To encourage them, to tread their Fathers steps;
To make them bold to banish seruile feare.

See mee, and see me not.

Tis heauen on earth; the minds and hearts content;
A Kingdomes riches: can a man haue more?
Then Gods sweet peace: the loue of Common-wealth;
His mindes desires and bodies perfect health.

Cor. Here comes my wife, and *Pasquill* with my man;
Thinke Dinners ready, we will leaue discourse.

Hans. Please you come in, your meat is taking vp;
And you may talke as well by th' fire side.

Cor. We come sweet wife, come giue me thy fayre hand;
Weele walke in couples one turne round about.
Tis Temple fashion, there obserued yet.
By th' ancient Seniors, dancing in a ring,
Their stately measures, hand in hand by two
And two; vpon their solemne reuell nights,
And then weele in, and drinke full *Nectar cups*,
And taste such meate, as God hath giuen vs,
Yet midst of mirth remember them that want,
To comfort them, with some part of our store
In harmelesse mirth; thus haue we done our parts;
If you be pleas'd, how ioyfull are our hearts.

Exeunt.

Manet Hans.

Reuenge, reuenge for *Pasquills* vgly whore,
Ile make him drunke, was neuer creature more.

Pasquill within.

You would but cannot, thanke you good Sir *Hans*,
If I be drunke, your selfe shall leade the dance.

Hans. What? did he heare me? now this bargaines made;
Once warnde, halfe arme, so doth the Prouerbe say.
Now if I would, I cannot, he will none,
Ile not aduenture, least I first be gone;

He

See mee, and see me not.

He saw me not, yet sees what I would doe:
Him self requite, see not, and yet see too:
He giue him what he wants, or drinke or meate,
And all you too, if that you please to eate,
At your owne costs, for my store will not doo't,
My meanes are short, they will not reach vntoo't.
In such excessse, I will not doe amisse;
My minde is altered, you may see by this:
And for what's past: if it haue moude delight,
I take my leaue reioyce, and so good night.

Musique, song and dance.

H. 2

walking



THE SONG.

Valking in a shadowe Grove,
Neere fluer streames fayre gliding,
Where trees in rankes did grace those bankes,
And Nymphes had their abiding.
Here as I stayde, I saw a mayde.
A beauteous lonely creature,
With Angels face, and Goddesse grace,
Of such exceeding feature.

Her lookes did so astonish me,
And set my heart a quaking,
Like stagge that gazde, was I amaze,
And in a stranger taking:
Yet rouded my selfe to see this elfe,
And loe a tree did hide me:
Where I vnscene beheld this Queene,
A while ere she espide me.

Her voyce was sweet melodiously,
Shee sung in perfect measure:
And thus she sayd with trickling teares,
Alas my ioy and treasure.
Ile be thy wife, or lose my life.
Theres no man els shall haue me,
If God say so: I will say no,
Although a thousand craue me.

Oh stay not long, but come my deare,
And knit our marriage knot,
Each houre a day, each month a yeare.
Thou knowest I thinke, God wot,
Delay not then like worldly men,
Good workes till withered age
Boue other things: the King of Kings
Blest a lawfull marriage.

Thou art my choice; I constant am,
I meane to die vnspotted,
With thee ile liue, for thee I loue,
And keepe my name vnblotted.
A vertuous life, in maide and wife,
The Spirit of God commendes it.
Accursed he, for euer be,
That seekes with shame to offend it.

With that she rose like nimble Roe,
The tender grasse scarce bending,
And left me there perplexed with feare,
At this her Sonnets ending.
I thought to moue this dame of loue,
But she was gone already:
wherefore I pray, that those that stay
May finde their loues as steady.



An Addition to the Moores last speech.

Here may you see how fortune turnes her Wheele;
I that before did many men commaund:
Am now constrainde to serue my masters man;
Regnauit, regno, regnabo, sum sine regno:
She makes the world her stage, or Tennis court:
Where men like balls are banded to and fro:
Or Player-like, come forth, to acte their parts;
Speake bigge and strut, and stride *Colossus* like,
And when his turne is out steps in at dore;
Another takes his roome. comes out no more.
Soone vp, soone downe, now hight, then lowest of all,
Like *Codrus* poore: and streight as *Crasus* rat,
Thus glories fortune in inconstancie;
For her I care not, shees a fickle whore,
I will be merry, be I neere so poore.



FINIS.

